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XXX (A Poem for Adrienne Piper)

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XXX

(A Poem for Adrienne Piper)

A. R. Abdallah

it is not easy to forget
injustice or inequality
when it robs you of proper medical care
shatters your dreams
the career you sweated blood for
sacrificed your health and friendships for
faith has withered like day-old daffodils
you are too young, too old, too black
too much a woman who knows
her own mind will not survive
the strain of sleepless nights haunting
dreams parading grotesque histories—
sisters splayed in a wilderness of hatred
wrists and ankles tied to unyielding stakes
parched red earth corpses swimming
in their own blood broken bottles
jammed into vaginas;
like rivers of truths
their stories are obscured in ancient
language—indifférance
it is not easy to forget
you can not force your mind dead blank
worry that she was yet conscious
just barely alive enough to know
it was the flesh of her swollen belly
ripped open her feet and hands decapitated
like the killing of swine
she had fainted after that
you can not force your mind dead blank
summer nights do not find you smiling
happy content
how could they

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